

A visit to The Anderson Family (Friday 11th September 2015)

Characters (in age order)

Narrator (Katy Ashworth - 1986-08-02 in Frimley, Surrey, South-East England) (29 years 1 month)

Dad (Isayu Adhikari - Arimyriah and Arigbeniri's father) (Christmas Day 1970 in New Delhi, India) (oldest of the family, responsible, paternal, and firm but loving - wears a white short sleeved long nighty, has red skin, brown eyes and is almost bald) (44 year 8 months)

Mum (Taryn Adhikari - Arimyriah and Arigbeniri's mother) (1976-09-12 in New Delhi, India) (loving, kind, a bit strict and must discipline her children at times - wears purple sleeveless pyjamas, has red skin, brown eyes and has black, medium-length straight hair) (38 years 11 months)

Mrs Jolene Anderson (Miss Anderson's mother) (1956-02-25 in Rennes, Brittany) (nice, grandmotherly, warm-hearted and is portrayed as a nice nanny - wears a teal sleeveless knitted jumper, a lilac long sleeved shirt under, blue jeans, white socks and black flip-flops and has long, straight black hair in a tight bun, white skin, hazel eyes and wears small black rectangular rimmed glasses) (59 years 6 months)

Mr Adam Percival (Miss Partridge's fiancé) (1977-01-27 in Cardiff, Wales but grew up in Swindon, Wiltshire, South-West England) (a good man, kind, likes himself and other people and almost never fights with his fiancée - wears a thick black and red zip-up coat, a pink short sleeved shirt, blue jeans, light blue socks and red trainers and has short, spiky dark brown hair, white skin and grey eyes. He wears a blue analogue watch on his right wrist) (38 years 7 month)

Mr Robert Carter (Taylor and Flora's stepfather) (1981-09-20 in Edgware, Barnet, North London) (loving, helpful, funny and rarely gets infuriated - wears a black sleeveless jacket, a knitted two-tone jumper that is sky blue at the top and dark green at the bottom, a dark blue shirt and red tie underneath, black trousers with narrow white stripes, blue socks and black shoes, wears a royal blue smart watch on his right hand, then royal blue tartan pyjamas and a royal blue housecoat and has a brown sideways fringe, white skin and blue eyes and wears small black rectangular-rimmed glasses) (33 years 11 months)

Rochelle (Taylor and Flora's mother) (1981-03-18 in Seven Sisters, Haringey, North London but grew up in Auckland, New Zealand subsequently Sydney, New South Wales, Australia) (uses Australian Sign Language to Flora when she loses her voice, has three accents, almost always has her dirty blonde hair in low bunches and rarely loses her temper - wears violet long sleeved pyjamas and a light pink bathrobe with white polka dots and has long, straight dirty blonde hair in low pigtails, blue eyes and fair skin) (34 years 5 months)

Miss Katharine “Katy” Partridge (Mr Percival’s fiancée) (1985-11-17 in Greenwich, Greenwich, South-East London) (a warm-hearted Year 4 teacher, serious but funny, courageous and likes the colour pink – wears a pale blue waterproof coat, a navy blue short sleeved zip-up shirt, white trousers and blue loafers and has black long afro hair in a puffy ponytail, olive skin and brown eyes. She wears a light rose digital watch on her left hand) (29 years 9 months)

Miss Jolie Anderson (Mrs Anderson’s daughter) (1986-01-27 in Rennes Brittany) (active, portrayed as a Breton chatterbox, a warm-hearted Year 5 teacher but can sometime shout at her mother and other people – wears a turquoise hooded cardigan with zip, a black long sleeved shirt underneath, blue jeans and turquoise socks and has black long straight hair in a high ponytail, white skin, hazel eyes and wears small black rectangular-rimmed glasses. She wears a plug on her left ear and a purple hearing-aid on her right ear) (29 years 7 months)

Arimyriah (2006-10-17 in Locksbottom, Bromley, South-East London – Arigbeniri’s older sister) (creative, likes to produce different foods, likes the Greater London region and its buses with the bright red livery a lot but can be quite naughty and throw tantrums when she does not get her way – has black hair matted into ten pieces with two twists in each cutting turned into one twist each with thread, has a multicoloured bead at the bottom of each twist, red skin and brown eyes and wears a purple zip-up coat, a burgundy school cardigan, a white short-sleeved polo skirt, a burgundy tartan skirt, grey tights and black school shoes, she wears a pair of silver heart-shaped earrings on her earlobes then yellow long sleeved pyjamas with a pair of dancing shoes) (8 years 10 months)

Arigbeniri (2008-01-05 in Locksbottom, Bromley, South-East London – Arimyriah’s older brother) (happy, resourceful, respectful but can be a bit mischievous – has black semi-afro hair, red skin and brown eyes and wears a pair of small red rectangular-rimmed glasses on his head and wears a black leather jacket, a burgundy school sweatshirt, a white short-sleeved polo shirt, grey trousers, grey socks and black school shoes then navy blue and white short sleeved pyjamas) (7 years 8 months)

The sentences in red and brackets are for the audio describer.

Narrator: It was a drizzly and cloudy night in London, and 33-year-old Mr Robert Carter and his schoolmates 8-year-old Arimyriah and 7-year-old Arigbeniri Adhikari had just arrived at the Andersons’ two-bedroom terraced house in Mottingham, in the Royal Borough of Greenwich and the London Borough of Bromley in South-East Inner and Outer London in Dad’s small, red Toyota Aygo car.

(Mr Carter stops the car at the Andersons’ house and puts the handbrake on, then he and the Nigerian-Indian-British children Arimyriah and Arigbeniri take off their seatbelts and exit the car, Mr Carter opens the boot and carries the dressing up box Miss Anderson gives him two days prior)

Mr Carter (carrying the heavy dressing up box): Remember what I said at the church, behave yourselves there and do not ask one question too many. If you do, you will have dire consequences until Thursday.

The Adhikari siblings: We will not ask one question too many.

Narrator: After getting out of the small, uncomfortable four-seater, five-door car, Mr Carter knocked the front door and Mrs Jolene Anderson (Miss Jolie Anderson's mother who is thirty years elder than Miss Anderson) unlocked the door with the house keys.

Mrs Anderson (unlocks the front door): Good evening, Robert, Ari and Arigbeniri. I am Mrs Jolene Anderson.

Mr Carter: Good evening, Jolene.

The Adhikari siblings: Good evening, Mrs Anderson.

Mrs Anderson: Come with me to the sitting room and meet my daughter – who works at your school thrice a week, Miss Partridge – who was your PE teacher today, teaching a PE lesson for you and the Year 4s in your class and her class and her fiancé Mr Percival – who has lovely spiky hair and has an all-too-English Welsh accent.

Narrator: Mr Carter went upstairs to put the dressing up box in the woman and lady's shared bedroom and the trio followed Mrs Anderson to the Andersons' average-sized sitting room where her 29-year-old daughter Miss Jolie Anderson was watching a BBC One London broadcast on Sky Channel 101 on a black armchair with 29-year-old Miss Katharine "Katy" Partridge and her 38-year-old fiancé Mr Adam Percival on a black couch. The Andersons had a white Sky+ box.

Miss Anderson (pauses the broadcast and faces the children): Hello Ari and Arigbeniri.

Arimyriah: Hello Miss Anderson.

(Miss Anderson plays the broadcast with the Sky+ remote)

Miss Partridge (takes the hair bobble out of her hair): Hello Ari. Did you enjoy your first mainstream PE lesson with me, your Year 4 classmates and my class, Class 4R? (she combs her hair and puts the bobble back into her hair)

Arimyriah (smiles): I sure did Miss Partridge.

Mr Percival: Both of you, in case you do not know me, I am Mr Adam Percival, Miss Partridge's fiancé, we got engaged on Saturday June 27th this year. I am 38 years old, and I was born in Cardiff, the capital city of Wales and my birthday is on 27th January. But, because I grew up here, I have an English accent.

Arigbeniri: Hello Mr Percival.

Arimyriah: It is nice to see you for the first time Mr Percival.

(Mr Carter sits on the couch between Miss Partridge and Mrs Percival and the three adults natter while Mrs Anderson goes into the kitchen and prepares dinner for the septet)

Mr Carter (nervously): So, how was your day at work Katy?

Miss Partridge: Where is my dog, Robert?

Mr Carter: Katharine Partridge, I am asking you how your day at work was.

Miss Partridge: Robert Carter, and I am asking you where my dog is. If you tell me the truth about my dog Trixie-Belle, I will tell you about my highlights and lowlights of my day at work.

Mr Carter: I took your dog to our church, she kept insisting on eating the biscuits and beans I made for the Brentfords yesterday, your dog ate Ariel's plateful of biscuits and beans, then she was getting upset when she learnt that biscuits and beans were not for dogs, then the children and I played dress up, your dog dressed up as a princess like Ari, then she went into the kitchen and ate all the biscuits and beans until she got overweight, then she peed in Miss Anderson's cowboy hat that I had to throw away, then she went to one of the church's toilet and did a big poo and then I took her outside, I asked a female driver to run her over and she obeyed me.

Narrator: When Mr Carter related the story of how Trixie-Belle – Miss Partridge and Mr Percival's dog got killed, Miss Partridge burst into tears. Miss Anderson and the children tried to cheer her up to no avail.

The Adhikari children: We can cheer you up Miss Partridge. We can tell you a joke each.

Arigbeniri: What do you give a sick pig? WHAT DO YOU GIVE A SICK PIG?!

Miss Partridge (through sobs): I do not know, and I don't want to know Arigbeniri.

Arigbeniri: Oink-ment. (he bursts out laughing)

Arimyriah: My turn. What do you call an event when you take a coach to see a stage show? (Miss Partridge says nothing, she keeps on crying)
WHAT DO YOU CALL AN EVENT WHEN YOU TAKE A COACH TO SEE A STAGE SHOW?

Miss Partridge (through sobs): That's a good joke Ari, but that's the last thing I want to know. I am in no mood for jokes, because I have really got the blues and lost my smile because my colleague decided to ask someone to kill my beautiful puppy Trixie-Belle.

Arimyriah: Stagecoach. (she bursts out laughing)

Mr Carter: I appreciate your willingness to cheer Miss Partridge up, but do not tell any more jokes because she has lost her smile because her one and only pet was killed.

Miss Anderson (carries a pink balloon in her left hand and a pump in her right hand): I know something to cheer you up Katy. I can blow this pink balloon up with a pump and let it deflate.

Narrator: Miss Anderson pumped up the rose balloon she got from her bedroom ten times, then let it go flying like a helicopter, but that was the last thing that helped Miss Partridge find her smile. In fact, she cried harder than before.

(The rosy balloon deflates and goes flying round the sitting room)

Miss Anderson: The balloon went flying around the sitting room in circles. That helped you smile again.

Narrator: That was ironic because Miss Anderson's balloon trick made Miss Partridge feel worse, instead of better about her dog Mr Carter asked a woman to kill.

Mr Percival: Jolie, please can you not do any more tricks. I know you want to cheer my fiancé Katy up, but she is really upset due to the loss of our puppy Trixie-Belle.

Narrator: Suddenly, Arimyrriah had an idea to cheer Miss Partridge up.

Arimyrriah: I will be a minute. (she goes into Miss Anderson and Mrs Anderson's shared bedroom upstairs and comes downstairs with a miniature puppet theatre and two flower marionettes called Purple Posy and Rosy Posy)

Mr Percival: Ari, I thought Mr Carter and I said no more jokes or tricks.

Arimyrriah: This is neither a joke nor trick. It is a puppet show. (in funny voices) Hello, I am Purple Posy. I am a purple flower. And I am Rosy Posy, I am a pink flower. We are funny, talking flowers to cheer Miss Partridge up.

(Mr Carter interrupts Arimyrriah's puppet show and takes both marionettes and the puppet theatre away from her)

Arigbeniri (goes into the kitchen and gets a white mug with an orange pattern from McDonald's that the Adhikaris inherited from 2009 until 2011, when 4-year-old Arimyrriah inadvertently broke it): I am going to do a game called 'drop the mug', where I can drop the mug and see if it breaks into pieces.

Mr Carter (shouts): DON'T YOU DARE DO THAT ARIGBENIRI ADHIKARI!

Narrator: But he spoke too late, Arigbeniri had purposely broken the mug by doing his made-up game 'drop the mug', and it had shattered onto the white tiled floor. And Miss Anderson had to get a brush and dustpan to sweep the shattered ceramics away.

Miss Anderson (sweeps the sitting room with a dustpan and brush): Oh Arigbeniri, that was our last McDonald's swirly mugs we inherited in 2008, all the others got broken by mistake within a year or less than a year and we had that particular mug with the orange pattern for much longer, as it lasted for six years and nine months, which is world record to our longest-lasting mug. Come, look, see, BROKEN! (she goes into the kitchen and throws the shattered porcelain in the recycling bin)

Mr Carter: Both of you, what are your problems? Mr Percival and I said you must leave Miss Partridge alone, now you have made her cry even harder. Don't provoke me tonight. Arigbeniri, you have broken one of the Anderson's mugs and now, The Andersons' have those McDonald's swirly mugs no longer.

(he takes the marionettes and theatre back to the bedroom) Don't worry Miss Partridge the children and Miss Anderson will leave you alone as you are upset about Trixie-Belle.

Miss Partridge (cries harder than ever): It's mostly your fault Robert, if you hadn't killed her, then I wouldn't be upset crying and the children and your colleague who works three times a week Miss Anderson wouldn't have to cheer me up to no avail. YOU ARE BANNED FROM LOOKING AFTER OUR FUTURE PETS UNTIL WE FEEL THAT WE CAN TRUST YOU TO LOOK AFTER THEM PROPERLY, WHICH WILL BE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

Arimyriah: Please may I watch some TV for a while?

Mr Percival: Of course you can Ari. (Mr Percival hands her the white Sky+ remote)

Narrator: But when Arimyriah was about to watch TV, Mrs Anderson came to the sitting room to tell the quintet of visitors that their dinner was ready.

Mrs Anderson: Dinner time. Today's dinner is steak pie, creamy mashed potatoes, and parsley liquor. And for pudding, my favourite triple layer chocolate cake.

Arimyriah: I don't want any steak pie, I want McDonald's instead, even though I like English savoury pies and pasties.

Arigbeniri: YUCK! (fart sound) I don't want any of your steak pie, I want KFC instead.

The Adhikari siblings: But we both want some of your chocolate cake.

Mr Carter and Mr Percival: Both of you, please, knock this attitude off. You are having steak pie whether you like it or not.

Narrator: The children hesitantly dragged themselves to the table Mrs Anderson set and sat next to each other. Mr Carter and Mr Percival sat opposite them. Mr Carter sat opposite Arimyriah and Mr Percival sat opposite Arigbeniri.

Mrs Anderson (curios): Katy, aren't you eating?

Miss Partridge (in floods of tears): I am not in the mood for meals, even if your steak pie looks delicious. And your chocolate cake.

Narrator: Mrs Anderson served the two men and the two children some of her homemade steak pie, mashed potatoes, and parsley liquor. First, she served Mr Percival. Next, she served Mr Carter. Then, she served Arimyriah. Lastly, she served Arigbeniri.

(whilst the two men in their thirties eat their meal, the children in their noughties begin to cry)

Arimyriah (in sobs): I would rather eat McDonald's food tonight, even if I had McDonald's on Wednesday.

Arigbeniri (in sobs): I would rather eat KFC than this crappy pie and mash. And I especially hate the green stuff.

Mr Carter (shouts): BOTH OF YOU, THREE, TWO, ONE AND ZERO! BOTH OF YOU, IF YOU REFUSE TO EAT YOUR MEAL TONIGHT, NEITHER OF YOU WILL BE HAVING ANY OF YOUR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY CAKE TOMORROW!

Arimyriah: Mr Carter's getting angry.

Mr Carter (shouts): I AM GETTING ANGRY ARIMYRIAH AND ARIGBENIRI ADHIKARI! NOW EAT YOUR FOOD BOTH OF YOU BEFORE I GET EVEN MORE CROSS!

Miss Anderson (comforting, carries spinach soup in her hands): Now, now Robert! Easy with these two children in their noughties. You are always a nice person, and you rarely shout. (faces the fussy children) Children, do you want some the green soup instead?

The Adhikari siblings: NO! WE DO NOT WANT ANY OF YOUR CRAPPY COOKING MRS JOLENE ANDERSON!

Mr Percival (getting quite cross): HEY! OI! Do not call Mrs Anderson's cooking 'crappy' and do not call her by her first name. Call her Mrs Anderson. And do not raise your voice at her. (faces Mr Carter) Robert Carter.

Mr Carter (stops eating): Yes Adam Percival. (continues eating)

Mr Percival (giving kind advice): If the children eat their dinner without hassle, please can they have double their intended amount of chocolate cake? Also, when you are dropping me and my fiancée off at Plumstead Station to take buses from there to Victoria Coach Station, please may you buy little McDonalds for Ari and little KFC for Arigbeniri?

Mr Carter (calmed down): Well, I will think about that Adam, because it is late. Also, those children and my stepchildren had stir-fry for lunch at the church before they came. So, if they stop being fussy and reluctant to eat tonight's dinner, early in the morning tomorrow, I will head to McDonald's in Sittingbourne and buy everyone a surprise breakfast there of hash browns, sausage, egg and bacon McMuffins, porridge and some delicious pancakes with syrup. We will have Subway for lunch and some traditional Chinese food for dinner. So, we will be eating food from outside our house the whole of tomorrow because it is Mrs Adhikari's birthday. If not, these children will just have their usual Saturday yam and stew for breakfast, Indomie noodles for lunch and some traditional Indian or Nigerian food for dinner and no birthday cake.

Mr Percival (sternly): Eat your food, both of you.

The Adhikari children (rudely): NO!

Mr Percival (sternly): Do you want Mr Carter to smack both of you?

The Adhikari children (more polite): No thank you.

Mr Percival (sternly): Then eat your food, it is getting cold.

Narrator: At last, the children stopped being hesitant and ate their dinner, consisting of slices of Mr Anderson's steak pie, creamy mashed potato and parsley liquor and everybody drank glasses of Miss Anderson's homemade lemonade in peace.

(The children burp loudly)

Mr Carter and Mr Percival: Please do not burp so loudly, by the way, you finally gave in and ate your food.

Mrs Anderson: Robert, because those children ate their food at last, they can have some chocolate cake I made, and they can have more than you men's fair share, because they were obedient finally.

Narrator: After a finally peaceful supper, Mrs Anderson served the triple chocolate cake she baked in the morning. She gave the children twice the size of the men's because they finally ate their food after a long hassle.

(the children and men gobble up their chocolate cake slices)

Narrator: After the tempting chocolate cake, Mr Percival, Mr Carter, currently upset Miss Partridge, Arimyrriah and Arigbeniri put their coats on and left the house. The engaged couple grabbed their suitcases along with them. Mr Carter was going to drop Miss Partridge and Mr Percival off at Plumstead to catch the buses they needed to get to Victoria as they were going to Bracknell in Berkshire for a birthday party before heading

to the Adhikaris' and Perry-Carters' flat in Sittingbourne in Kent. Outside, Miss Partridge and Mr Percival put their suitcases in the boot of the car. Mr Carter sat on the driver's seat, as he was the one driving the car, Arigbeniri sat beside him on the passenger's seat, Miss Partridge sat on the left of the back seat, Arimyrhiah sat in the middle and Mr Percival sat on the right of the back seat. Everybody put their seatbelts on (Miss Partridge and Arimyrhiah shared a seatbelt, as, because it was a ridiculously small car, it had four seats rather than five, let alone seven) and Mr Carter hit the road.

Mr Carter (gets into the driver's seat and puts on his seatbelt): Katy, because you did not eat anything at the Andersons' house, let's go to McDonald's or KFC and get you something small, because it's so late.

(Miss Partridge shakes her head no, causing the children's smiles to drop)

Mr Carter (starts the engine): Do you want Burger King instead?

Miss Partridge (in sobs): Yes, please Robert.

The Adhikari siblings: Burger King?! YUCK! We hate Burger King; the burgers are so dry! (they make a throwing up gesture)

Mr Percival: It's not your turn to choose, Miss Partridge chooses which fast food restaurant she wants food from, and she really isn't going to care what you two think of Burger King's burgers.

Narrator: The quintet in the car drove off to Plumstead via Eltham, Well Hall and Woolwich. Miss Partridge was crying for another pet and the children were crying for their favourite foods, but Mr Carter could not buy any of them because it was late.

Mr Carter: What's up now?

(The children are about to speak, but Mr Carter stops them, because he is talking to Miss Partridge)

Miss Partridge (in sobs): You've killed my one and only beautiful female dog Trixie-Belle.

Mr Percival (faces his fiancée): Don't worry, Mr Carter will buy Burger King, exclusively for you.

(Miss Partridge stops weeping instantly)

Arimyrhiah (in sobs): Mr Carter?

Mr Carter: Don't talk to me Ari, even if I am your favourite teacher at school since October 22nd last year, and Arigbeniri, you shouldn't talk to me either. Both of you are just being silly. You went to the Andersons house and at dinner time, you were crying for KFC and McDonald's there. And albeit being told to stop with the jokes, tricks and puppet shows, you continued. Especially you Arigbeniri, because one of your tricks led to Miss Anderson's last McDonald's mug getting broken.

Narrator: When the quintet was at Eltham High Street, Mr Carter stopped the car, grabbed his wallet, and proceeded inside Burger King to order some food to cheer Miss Partridge up. After ordering the food, he went back into the car and drove off to Plumstead. He gave Miss Partridge her Burger King combo of a double whopper and fries.

Miss Partridge (upset no longer): Thank you for my whopper and chips. (she digs into her food)

Mr Percival: I think the Nigerian-Indian children have learnt their lessons. Lesson 1, to know when to stop. Lesson 2, to eat what is in front of them and not be fussy eaters.

(Mr Carter shakes his head yes)

Narrator: When the quintet had arrived at Plumstead, Mr Carter parked at the nearest Bus Stop and Miss Partridge and Mr Percival got out of the car, grabbed their suitcases, and ran to catch Bus Route 53 to Elephant and Castle. Then the remaining trio in the car headed home.

(In Sittingbourne, Mr Carter presses the number 5 and the buzzer sounds, opening the doors, the trio head to Flat 5 with hardly any sound at all)

Mum: Good evening, Robert, and the children. What has made my beloved children cry?

Mr Carter: I shouldn't have taken either of them. My colleague Miss Partridge was upset about her dog and albeit being told no, the children told jokes, Arimyrhah held a puppet show and worst of all, Arigbeniri broke one of the Andersons' mugs. Also, at mealtime, they were hesitant to eat their pie and mash Mrs Anderson produced.

Dad (pauses the Sky 1 HD broadcast and faces the children): Both of you, even if you wanted to cheer Miss Partridge up, you have to know when to stop, also, you both have to eat what you are given and be grateful for what is given to you. (plays the broadcast)

Rochelle: Both of you, change into your pyjamas, brush your teeth, and get into bed. I will read you a short bedtime story and say a short prayer, because it is late.

Narrator: The Adhikari children silently put on their pyjamas – Arimyrhah wore long sleeved yellow pyjamas with a pair of dancing shoes on the top and Arigbeniri wore short sleeved blue and white striped pyjamas. Then, they silently went into their bathroom and brushed their teeth with Frozen-themed manual toothbrushes. Arimyrhah's was rose and Arigbeniri's was green. Then they crept silently back into their bedroom where the Caucasian siblings Taylor and Flora were sleeping and climbed into the bottom bunk of their bunk bed that was a double bed. Rochelle read the children a truly short story called 'What a bad dog,' before saying a short prayer that sent the children to sleep.

The story's morals

- Know when to stop doing something.
- Eat what is served in front of you.

THE END

